KEPT PROMISE TO MOTHER TO MARRY ONLY AN AMERICAN

ROMANCE OF SYBIL KANE AND A. T. KEMP

Hand of Beautiful Southern Girl Was Vainly Sought by Scions of Proudest Houses of European Nobility—Rumor That Heir to Throne Was Among Admirers.

Bridegroom, Young and Immensely Wealthy New Yorker, Has Been Married Before—Couple Will Return to This Country Some Time Next Month.

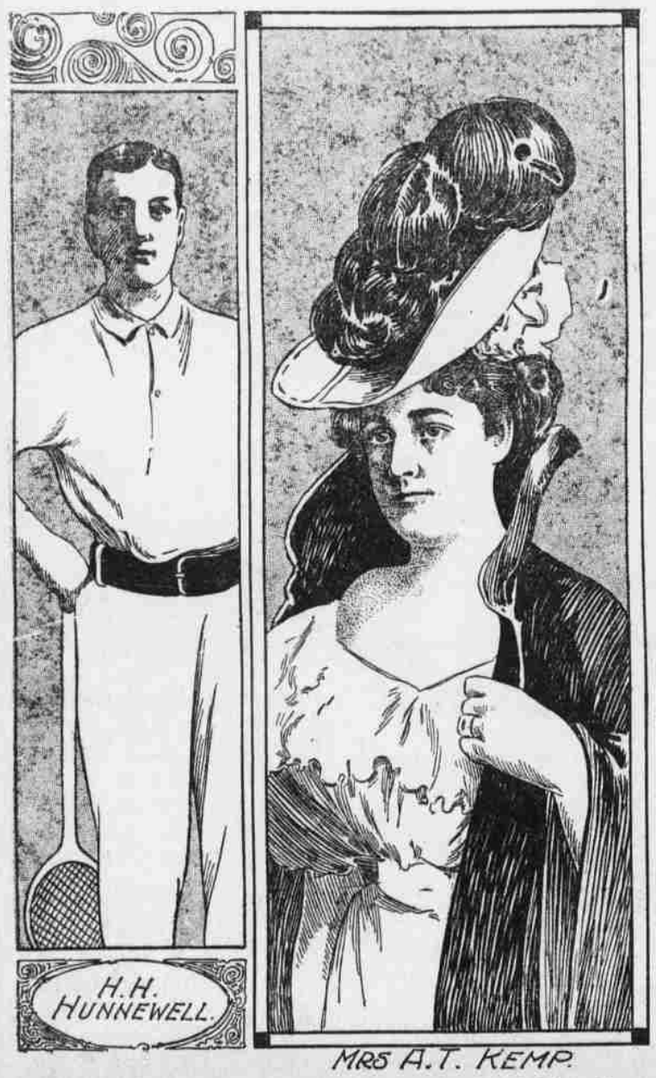
New York.—Live abroad if you want to, but you must promise never to marry a foreigner."

That was the promise the mother of Miss Sibyl Kaye made her give, and Miss Kaye gave it. She has married an American, Arthur T. Kemp, a young New York millionaire and society favorite. But in the track of young Mrs. Kemp's honeymoon tour in Europe is a long line of broken hearts—the hearts of earls, dukes, lords and barons.

And that was just what Mrs. Augustus Post, the mother—she has married again since the death of Mr. Kaye—was thinking of when she exacted the promise.

"Have nothing to do with any of these foreign noblemen," was her last behest to her daughter as she left for Europe six years ago. "Meet them if you want to, and study them if you feel so disposed, but don't, don't fall in love, I beg of you. Marry an American, as your mother did, and be happy!"

Miss Kaye is well-to-do in her own right and Mr. Post, her step-father, is a man of means and a broker on 'Change. But beautiful as she is, New York society has never known Miss Kaye, although the "400" knows young Mr. Kemp well. He inherited $3,000,000 from his father, who was a member of the big firm of chemists, Lanman & Kemp.



Coming Home in June.

The young pair intend to return in June. You may be sure that Newport and New York are anxious indeed to see the bride who now takes her place in the innermost circle, just as the first Mrs. Kemp did—she was divorced from Mr. Kemp four years ago and is now Mrs. Hollis H. Hunnewell. Mr. Hunnewell was also divorced, his first wife having been Miss Maude Jaffray.

If Mrs. Kemp No. 2 has never made her appearance in New York society, Mrs. Kemp No. 1 has. She is the sister of Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt and the daughter of Mrs. Frederic Neilson. Her uncle is Frederic Gebhard.

Miss Kaye took Europe by storm.

Soon she became known as "the beautiful Miss Kaye." She made her home in Paris with her aunt, Mrs. A. M. Nelson, No. 3 Place d' lena, but she traveled extensively. And from the first the foreigners were smitten and more than one heart was laid at her feet.

The Wooing of the Count.

The most ardent of them followed Miss Kaye and her chum, Miss Mildred Harrison, of Philadelphia, across this continent and all the way to Europe, but in vain. He was Count Carl Hohnstein, whose mother was lady-in-waiting to the wife of the prince regent of Bavaria.

Miss Kaye met him in the west, where she was traveling with Miss Harrison, just before leaving for Paris. Count Holstein appeared at every city and always at the same hotel where Miss Kaye was stopping. The count's mother was with him; the transcontinental chase of the nobleman after the American girls was chronicled in the newspapers at the time.

But when it was over Miss Kaye was heart whole and fancy-free. She finally eluded the count and his mother at Colorado Springs. She hired a special car and before the count or his mother was aware of it the American girls and their chaperon were in New York.

The next steamer took them to Europe, where Miss Kaye has been ever since. There she traveled everywhere—to the British isles, all over the continent, even to Egypt, up the Nile and into the Holy Land.

With her beauty and her wealth she found it easy to be presented at the courts of Europe. Her social success everywhere was most pronounced. Even it was whispered that the heir to one of the minor thrones had offered to give up his prospective kingship for the American girl's hand.

But Miss Kaye remembered her promise to her mother.

"I can marry only an American," she told them all, whether she liked them or not.

Then Arthur Kemp appeared on the scene.

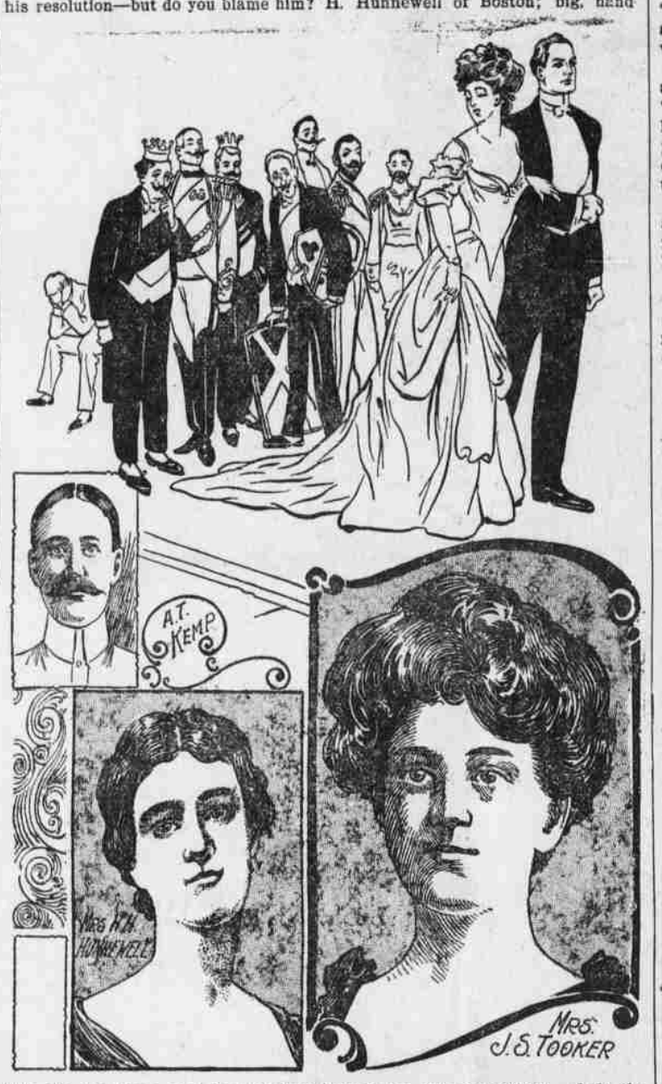
He had gone to Paris three years ago to seek relaxation from all his domestic troubles. He told his friends he would never tempt matrimony again; that he intended to remain a bachelor for the rest of his days. All of his resolutions were changed in the twinkling of an eye.

At a reception at the American embassy in Paris Arthur Kemp met Miss Kaye. He was smitten from the very first; gossip soon linked their names together. While young Mr. Kemp had never known Miss Kaye in his country, he found she came of a fine New Orleans family.

She was born there and when but a young girl went to Nazareth convent in Kentucky, under the tutelage of both French and Spanish sisters. She was already a linguist of distinction—this bright southern girl—and at the tender age of ten she carried off the medal for French against older girls than she at Mme. Pickard's fashionable school for girls in New Orleans.

Finally young Mr. Kemp forgot his resolution. He proposed and was accepted.

The marriage took place the other day between this young man who said he'd never marry again, and this girl, who had promised to marry none but an American. The man failed in his resolution—but do you blame him?



The girl kept hers—and do you blame her?

Married in England.

The wedding was at the home of the bridegroom's cousin, Gilmore House, Hitchin, Hertfordshire, England. Mrs. Nelson, the bride's aunt, and a few relatives and intimate friends were present.

And as soon as the knot was tied the bride cabled to her mother, Mrs. Post, who lives at the Holland house, in New York:

"My promise fulfilled. I have married an American. Sibyl."

And Mrs. Post answered: "A mother's blessing."

Mr. Kemp and his young wife will reach New York within a few weeks. At present they are touring southern France in an automobile. Mr. Kemp's friends are legion here and so the fashionables are eager to see his new bride. She has always cared little for society, preferring music, literary and charitable work to dinners, dances and the opera.

The Kemp divorce three years ago was a sensation. With such connections as the Reginald Vanderbilts and others of equal prominence the affair kept society busy talking for days and days.

Mrs. Kemp before her marriage was the beautiful "Baby Belle" Neilson. Arthur T. Kemp was graduated from Yale in 1894, and at once took the place here in society and clubdom to which his position and wealth entitled him.

Arthur Kemp's First Love.

He was elected to the Knickerbocker and the Union clubs, the two smartest in town, as well as to other clubs of almost as much importance. In due season he met Miss Neilson and in 1897 he married her. The ceremony took place at St. Patrick's cathedral, for all the Neilsons are Roman Catholics, and one of the smartest congregations of the season filled the pews. The late Archbishop Corrigan officiated at the service.

A few days later the young bridal couple were called to the bedside of the bridegroom's dying mother. She expired soon afterward.

The two were apparently perfectly happy until 1902, spending their winters in New York and their summers in Newport. Then there was gossip that the two had become estranged; this proved to be true when Mrs. Kemp left her husband's home and went back to her mother's, No. 100 Fifth avenue. There she lay ill a long while with nervous prostration.

As soon as she was well Mrs. Kemp No. 1 determined to take matters in her own hands. She made up her mind to get a divorce in Rhode Island. As the law of that state requires a person to live there a year before attaining legal residence, Mrs. Kemp took a cottage and remained in Newport for the winter. Meanwhile there was all sorts of gossip. In due season Mrs. Kemp got her divorce. In the interval her sister, Kathleen Neilson, had become Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Kemp's Second Mariage.

Then Mrs. Kemp announced her second engagement, this time to Hollis H. Hunnewell of Boston; big, hand some and heir to millions. Only the relatives and a handful of friends assembled for the ceremony, which was performed by Mr. Hunnewell's friend, Judge William W. Douglas of the supreme court of Rhode Island. No Roman Catholic priest, much as the Neilsons would have had it, is allowed to officiate at the marriage of a divorced person.

Mr. Hunnewell took his bride off for a honeymoon trip to China and Japan, while young Mr. Kemp went in the opposite direction—to Europe.

The Posts, parents of this latest bride, are very wealthy, but care little for society. Mr. Post is an enthusiastic aeronaut and has made several successful ascensions. He is secretary of the Aero club.

Young Mr. Kemp's grandfather was Maj. John S. Thacker, one of the pioneers in the organization of the New York national guard. His daughter is Mrs. Post. Mrs. Post is very much interested in charities and is a member of Father Ducey's church.

Her sister is Mrs. C. Downing Fripp, of Ottawa, Can. She also has a brother in the oil business at Beaumont, Tex.

And all this is society's newest romance—or romances, quite jumbled, but romances still.

Caterpillars in Swarms.

Travelers in the Wodonga and Barnawartha districts of Victoria, Australia, find it difficult to get their horses to face the caterpillars that swarm the country roads. They are denuding vegetation and it is feared the vineyards will be devastated. An excursion train was brought to a standstill because dense masses of the insects blocked the rails.

JOHN FERGUS' MARRIAGE

By J. J. BELL

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The minister had merely proclaimed for the first time the banns of marriage between John Fergus, bachelor, and Mary Jane Wilson, or McGlashan, widow, "both of this parish."

"It's indacent, that's what it is!" said Mr. Danks, the fish merchant. "When I say it is indacent, I refer to this intimation o' merriage that fell on us a' the day like a thunderbolt, and I tell ye, Joseph Ridhorn, that ma opeenion o' this proposed merriage is—"

"O' nae value to onybody."

"We'll see aboot that! What has that auld miser, John Fergus, done for the kirk, I ask ye?" demanded Danks fiercely.

"He's never done onything to disgrace it, onyway."

"What d'ye mean?"

"In ither words," replied Mr. Redhorn calmly, "I wud suggest the advisabeelity o' yer keepin' yer nose for yer fish an' no' for pokin' into ither folks' affairs."

"Especially," went on the painter, "the affairs o' a man that lost his best arm in a railway accident when he was little mair nor a youth."

"That's naethin' to dae wi' him bein' a miser," the elder snapped fiercely. "If he lost his arm, Providence sent him a legacy o' fully three thousan' pound the vera same year, an' Providence never intendit him to pit by the bigger hauf o' the interest."

"Maybe, Peter Danks, maybe. Bein' an elder, ye've dootless ha' mair communications wi' Providence than yer humble servant."

"Humph! Dae ye mean to tell me that Jane McGlashan, wha's fifty if she's a day, is merryin' John Fergus for onything but his siller?" Mr. Danks cried bitterly.

"I'm no' tellin' ye onything. But supposin' she is merryin' him for his siller, what business is it o' yours or mines? Nevertheless, I believe her wee shop keeps her comfortable, though ye wudna think there was muckle profit on sweeties an' tobaccy, an' newspapers, et cetera. Dinna excite yersel' further, Maister Danks. That's ma advice to you."

But Mr. Danks was not satisfied.

"He'll be livin' on her, an' savin' every penny o' his interest," he said viciously.

Mr. Redhorn stopped short in his walk.

"See, Maister Danks!" he said sharply, "John Fergus gi'ed me ma first job, an' didna haggle aboot the price. As for Mrs. McGlashan she gi'ed me a bottle o' medicine last year that cured ma indigeestion—an' I'm Mistress McGlashan's freen for life. An', mind ye, Peter Danks, if ye try to mak' ony mischief aboot this merriage, I'll forget ye're an elder, an'—as shair as ma name's Joseph Ridhorn—I'll come when ye're sleepin' an' pent yer hoose pea-green, wi' bad words in scarlet on the door!"

Whereupon Joseph left the dumfounded elder, and made for his modest dwelling.

As Joseph rested after a hearty meal a brilliant idea suddenly struck him.

It took him a full week to acquire courage sufficient for the carrying out of his brilliant idea.

At last, about eight o'clock, on an October evening, he stepped stealthily from his door. About a furlong beyond the village he came to a cottage standing by itself on a half-acre of ground. A faint light filtered out between the closed shutters on the right-hand window.

"Weel, here goes!" he said, half aloud, as he stood on the steps and knocked on the door.

The door was opened an inch and a voice shouted, "Wha's that?"

"It's me—Joseph Ridhorn," replied the painter.

Fergus hesitated. "Weel, ye best come in," he said at last. "It's no' a nicht for the doorstep for man or beast."

Mr. Redhorn followed his unwilling host into the kitchen.

"Sit doon," said the other, pushing a chair nearer the hearth, and taking another for himself.

"Thenk ye," replied Mr. Redhorn. "Wud ye try a ceegaurette?"

"I dinna smoke," he said quietly. "Thenk ye a' the same, Joseph Ridhorn."

A long silence followed. But the thing had to be faced, and at last he forced himself into speech.

"I was gaun to tell ye, Maister Fergus, hoo I managed to commence the smokin'. Ye see, I used to be a martyr to dyspepsia, if ye ken what that is, an' I thocht ma case was hopeless till yer wife—" Fergus started. "I mean yer intendit—gi'ed me a sample o' a mixture. An' noo I'm a new man! I can eat onything!"

"Weel, weel," said Fergus, "I'm shair I'm glad to hear ye've got quit o' yer trouble."

"Ay," went on Mr. Redhorn solemnly, "It's the inner man that coonts. But there's anither thing. Dae ye ken wha gi'ed me ma first job when I set up in Fairport? It was yersel', John Fergus, it was yersel'! An' if I seemed to forget it in the past, ye maun blame it to ma internal organs that made me a dour, soor man for mony a lang year. An' that"—continued Mr. Redhorn excitedly—"that's the second reason for ma comin' to see ye the nicht—to—to congratulate ye on the important event that—that's loomin' in the near future, an' I hope I'm no' intrudin'."

"Ye're vera welcome here, Joseph."

"Thenk ye," the painter returned. "If—if ye're no' itherwise engaged," he stammered, "I—I wud be rale prood to be yer—yer best man. I've had nae experience, but—"

"Are ye in earnest, Joseph?"

"Ay. I'm in earnest!"

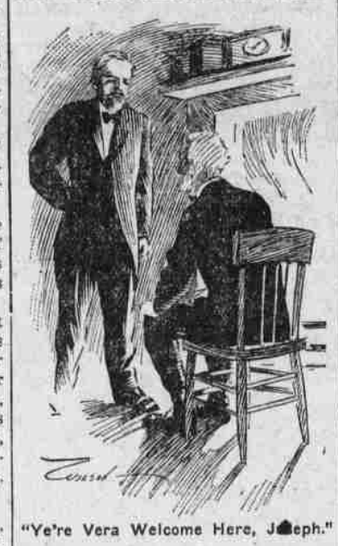
"Ha'e ye no' heard what the folk says aboot me?"

"I'm no' carin' a snuff for public opeenion," returned Mr. Redhorn stoutly.

"I believe ye're a man, Joseph Ridhorn," he said. "Listen, an' I'll tell ye something. To begin wi', what dae ye think o' me for savin' money a' thae years?"

"I never thocht aboot it till the ither day, and then I thocht ye wud ha'e a guid reason for the savin'."

"Aweel, I'm gaun to tell ye. Mind, it's atween oorsel's. Listen! I lost ma arm when I was three an' twinty. I was coortin' a lass at the time. But ye canna keep a wife, an' maybe weans, on the wark o' yin arm, an' that the left yin. At least, I couldn't. An' it came to pass that the lass merrit anither man. An' the next year ma fayther's brither dee'd an' left me near three thousand pound. I had a brither, but he got naethin' left him—the reason for that I dinna ken. He was a clever lad. He micht ha'e been chancellor o' the exchequer if he had gotten the richt chance. So I gi'ed him the three thousan' pound, an' he was to pay me five per cent. But he never managed to pay mair nor yin an' a quarter. It wasna his fau't. Things was aye against him. Hooever he peyed that reg'lar for near thirty year, but it didna leave me muckle for gi'ein' away' to furrin missions an' the like. I stoppit gaun to the kirk, seein'



"Ye're Vera Welcome Here, Joseph."

I couldna pay ma footin'. An' I wasna gaun to tell everybody that ma brither had the len' o' ma siller. He dee'd the year afore last—bankrupt. I had been savin', Joseph, an' the savin's ha'e kept me up till noo. This wee hoose is ma'ain. That's a'. Mary's keepin' me frae the—the puirhouse. That's the truth, Joseph."

"I'm vexed for ye, John," said Mr. Redhorn at last. "But—but yer guid time's comin' noo."

"Ye'll keep what I've said secret, Joseph?"

"I'm thinkin' the folk should get a bit hint o' the truth. Will ye no' leave the thing to me, John, seein' I'm to be yer best man? I'll be awfu' discreet. I'll get Peter Brown to write from Glesca mentionin' casual that he was glad to hear o' the marriage, but vexed to hear by accident that ye had never got the guid o' yer fortune o' thirty year syne. Hoo wud that dae?"

"Man, man!" cried Fergus, "a body wud think we was auld freens."

"So we are, but we didna fin' it oot till the nicht."

"I'm gled ye cam' to see me. What brocht ye, really?" Fergus asked rather abruptly.

Mr. Redhorn actually blushed. "Weel, I decidet because I was shair there maun be something rale fine about twa folk that gets merrit efter waitin' thirty year, whatever public opeenion says aboot them."

The morning after the wedding Mr. Redhorn entered the little shop.

"A packet o' ceegaurettes," he said in a very off-hand tone.

The comely little woman behind the counter looked up at him with a smile on her lips and a tear in each eye. She may have been nearly fifty, but she did not look it then.

"John's up at the cottage," she remarked. "We're thinkin' o' startin' a wee business in vegetables an' fruit next year, forbye wur shop."

"I wish ye success, Mistress Fergus."

"I see ye're in a hurry—but Maister Ridhorn, did naebody say onything nasty aboot John wantin' to merry me when he had lost everything? Tell me, please?"

"Naebody kens that he had lost everything, Mistress Fergus."

"But—but—you ken, Maister Ridhorn—you ken. What did you think o' John?"

"I thocht o' him wantin' ye for thirty year," said Joseph.

"Oh, then, I'll tell ye the truth. Ye see, I kent aboot John's brother, an' then I—I—I askit John to merry me He couldna refuse."

HIS CHOICE OF PROFESSION.

"What profession are you goin' into when you're growed up?"

"Why, I'd like to be a summer boarder an' jest lay 'round in ham mocks all the time."

A man speaks most loudly during his silence.

THOUGHT HE WAS WANTED.

Swede Returned According to Instructions on Envelope.

Christ Nelson, having been in this country only a few weeks, was slow in learning American customs, and especially the inscriptions on envelopes. One of his first acts after landing in Oregon was to take out naturalization papers. On the corner of the envelope, in which were contained the documents that made him an American citizen, were the words: "Return in five days."

"Wal, I be har," he said yesterday, as he shuffled up to the counter in the county clerk's office and spoke to Deputy Prasp.

"What do you want?" asked that official, carefully noting the embarrassed flush on the Swede's face.

"Wal, it say on this har envelope 'return in five days,' and time be up to-day, so I ban come round."

When assured that nobody wanted him, he turned with surprise and walked sadly away, not certain whether he was naturalized or not.—Portland Oregonian.

PAUL HAD HIS OWN IDEA.

Father's Explanation of Lightning Not Satisfactory to Him.

Little Paul was four years old when the western city in which he lived was swept one night by a terrible storm. Wind, thunder and lightning played havoc, and, while other members of the family were huddled in dark corners, Paul watched the illumination of the sky with great delight. The next morning at breakfast he asked his father what caused the streaks of fire across the sky, and his father, with great pains, essayed to explain. Paul listened attentively and apparently accepted what was told him, but, when he found attention diverted from himself, he leaned over to his aunt, who sat beside him, and whispered:

"It wasn't that, auntie. It was God scratching matches on the sky."

Possessed.

Father—I wonder what's the matter with Nellie this evening? She acts like one possessed.

Sister—She probably is. I noticed a new ring on her finger when she came downstairs.—Illustrated Bits.

Then She Takes the Lines.

The young girl's air was pensive. "To-morrow," she said, "Reginald will conduct me to the altar. There—" Smiling, she lighted another cigarette. "—his leadership will end."

MEMORY OF THE SAGEBRUSH.

Idaho Journal Urges Tribute to Goddess of the Past.

Some time during the year the government will begin the expenditure of $350,000 upon an irrigation system upon lands north of Pocatello, Idaho, an immense tract which in years when immigrants struggled across it with ox teams toward lands of then greater promise was given over to sagebrush and bunchgrass. Within two years at most the sagebrush will have disappeared from this tract and in its place will appear the plebeian cabbage, the succulent young onion, the palatable potato, the useful alfalfa and the fragrant hay. Before the transformation is accomplished it would be well for Pocatello to hold a grand fiesta in honor of the sage, festoon her homes and public highways with sprigs of bouquets of sage, thus heaping homage upon the altar of a goddess who is about to be deposed but who is worthy of all honor for past greatness.—Pocatello Tribune.

EGGS THAT ARE FREAKS.

One That Weighed Five Ounces—Another Undisturbed for 800 Years.

It is announced that an egg laid by a hen belonging to a coastguards officer at Bridgeeport, Conn., measured 7⅝ inches by 6¾ inches, while another of similar size picked up in a farmyard at Fenny Stratford was, on being opened, found to contain a perfectly second egg. The record monster chicken's egg is believed to be one of 8¾ inches by 7 inches and weighing five ounces.

The most freakish eggs are attributed to ducks. The Weston Park museum, Sheffield, has a duck's egg which contains another smaller one inside, and a still greater curiosity in a twin egg, the two being joined together end to end.

An egg apparently in a state of perfect preservation is reported to have been discovered embedded in the mortar of an ancient church near Paris. As the wall had been standing for fully 800 years the egg must have been undisturbed for all that long period.

MAKING IT CHEAP TO DIE.

Rival Undertakers of Greater New York in Cut Price Battle.

Within the confines of Greater New York there exists a funeral director who offers to donate, minus strings, $500 to a certain hospital if his competitors prove that his $35 casket is not equal in value to that for which the opposition is alleged to charge $65. Finally, this cemetery personal conductor declares unequivocally as follows:

"If your undertaker tells you he cannot sell you a good black cloth casket, or imitation oak, with extension bar handles, engraved name plate, silk lining pillow, for $35, telephone to our office. We will have a coach call for you and your undertaker, bring you to our show rooms, sell your undertaker the casket trimmed complete for $35, deliver it to his office, and give him a special discount. Now isn't that fair to our competitors? Our aim is to save the laboring man every dollar we can, and give him a good article with the best of services."

SHREWD TRICKS OF BIRDS.

Naturalists Have Noted Many Examples of Cunning.

Shooting men have been interested recently in the story of birds which, only slightly wounded, feigned death. The naturalist could give more interesting examples of cunning.

A word for the common blackbird. A troop of them, with thrushes, came down to their accustomed feeding place, where their meal was ready spread. But in the border basked a cat, placidly digesting his dinner. To get the meal meant feeding within three or four feet of him.

One bird, the patriarch of the lot, took guard. The others went noiselessly up and fed, while the old bird, ruffling up his feathers, setting forward his wings, and piping in his fighting note, sparred, so to speak, at the cat. The latter was not hungry. He blinked lazily at the sentry and never moved a paw while the meal was in progress.